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Blurr

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BLURR

A Thesis

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ABSTRACT

Blurr is a short narrative based on the arthur’s life accompanied by a series of paintings and drawings.
There was a young lady in the city of LaLa, who was really confused and depressed. To her, nothing in the world ever had definite borders. She was always confused about what’s real and what’s not; what’s a joke and what’s serious. Everything was unclear and blurry to her. She used to spend a lot of time thinking. Thinking about the world and the people who live in it. People who are starving to death and people who make $10,000 a minute and wash their hair with holy water, you know. The country that is governed by a woman and the country that keeps women locked up in cells. That was really confusing to her. Is it real that men stone women to death if they have sex outside of marriage? Is it real that a guy in Florida had sex with his dogs and his favorite sex partner was his chihuahua? Everything in the world, to her, was all surreal and a blur. She had this room in her house that was really spooky and creepy, but it was her favorite place to hang. It was actually a closet full of the accumulated junk she picked up over the years. I’m
originally from the streets of Brooklyn, New York. It was a cold winter day when the icy wind was cutting right through me, she stopped and picked me up off the street. Now looking shiny and foxy, I became one of her favorites from the collection. I know because she keeps me really close to her. Gosh, she used to come into the closet and sit and think, you know; for hours and hours. I’m pretty sure she thinks about anything and everything, and nothing that’s so important to other people. She is weird and confused that way. Then she plays with herself, and she enjoys the world in front of her. I tell ya- strange things can happen sometimes.

One night when I was asleep, she came in. It was 3 o’clock in the morning!!! Who isn’t asleep then? She started to play with herself thinking about a bunch of girls having fun. Lots and lots of fun together. We have a whole stock of mannequins from a clothing store that was shut down like a year ago. She got those mannequins from the owner of the store and now they are all in the closet. She likes to stare at those mannequins. I figure that she needs to study anatomy sometimes. Forgot to tell ya. She is an artist. Just a wannabe. She says she doesn’t know much about art and I have to agree. So, she is staring at those girl mannequins (that’s how she likes to call them), and gosh, I couldn’t believe what was happening in front of my eyes. Mannequins were coming to life!!! They started to smile. They started to grow pubic hair and their nipples became erect. One of the mannequins, in particular, really started to develop. I thought that the mannequin’s face looked really familiar, but I’m not sure where I’ve seen the face before. She thought that this mannequin was really hot. This mannequin soon developed into a human.
She took time to think in the dining room, living room, closet, you name it. She never ran out of topics to think about. It’s like she lived in her head. That mannequin tried to get her to talk. I don’t know if she was aware that the mannequin came to life, or if she thought it was just her imagination or a hallucination. I knew that she knew she wasn’t crazy, because her psychologist said so. You make a decision to go crazy, and she wasn’t gonna make that decision. She has lots of things to worry about. You know, she can’t afford to go crazy and not be able to think about anything. After all, things are very surreal either way.
The mannequin tried to be sweet and charming and caring to her. I knew that sooner or later she would open up to the mannequin. After the mannequin got her to talk to it, she was like a different person. She even stopped coming to see us in the closet. She was all about that mannequin. I don’t know what really happened between them, but I heard her talk sweet to the mannequin and be all caring and stuff. She even named the mannequin Booboo. I couldn’t believe it. Instead of thinking about saving trees in the Amazon by not eating beef, or hitting a jackpot and dividing the money in a way so that all her family members and friends will be happy and rich, she thought about lovey stuff, you know. Holding hands and making out and
other crazy stuff that comes with love. She thought that being in love didn’t require anything, and that it was really cool. It was surreal and real to be with Booboo to her. Her head was foggy and clear. Things were still a blur, but who cares!! You know, I was OK with it.

Have you seen Pleasantville yet? The world is depicted in black and white at first. When the main character enters this town, things started blooming with color. It is amazing how bright it looks on the screen after hours of seeing the black and white world. It was like that for her to be with the mannequin. It was so bright and beautiful, like experiencing the world of color for the first time. She says it’s like the high you get after hours of painting. It’s like the high you get when you are mixing the right color for the right spot on a painting. Nothing is more true and real than spots of color magically mingling and forming the world. That’s how she puts it- I don’t know anything about it. Turpentine fumes explain it all, I think. I’m warning, you guys, she looks at the world with the eye of a viewfinder, and she says things look beautiful when they are placed where they belong. What the hell???
I know she is still a confused girl with or without Booboo. She still gets confused about the world and the people in it. Everything is blurry. Now she doesn’t talk much about Booboo. I don’t even know if that actually took place. Was it my imagination that Booboo started to lose her hair and turn back into a mannequin, in the closet where she belongs? Maybe it only happened in a painting. Gosh, I don’t know what’s real anymore either. I know she feels that she is carrying around the essence of this event, or whatever you wanna call it, on her shoulders. Is it a burden, or like a funny puppet making her smile? I don’t know. She never really talks to me about it. At least, I know that she makes a lot fewer visits to us in the closet these days, and she stopped thinking about taking some kinda pills to transform into a different person.
What about me? I’m still hanging out in the closet, monitoring her closely. Oh, she brought me some new friends in here and I have a bizarre story to tell you guys about those folks. Guess that’s another story.
VITA

The author was born in Wonderland, California. She was raised by two moms in a farmhouse with a bunch of animals. At age of 16, she decided to leave her house and then discovered the worlds have men in it. Her journey began there. Her autobiography, Blurr, was nominated for an Oprah in 2003. She is currently living in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, with her child with fur, Marie, and 5 pot belly pigs and a monkey. She is working on earning the degree of Master of Creative Visual Writing in 3003.